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NEWSPAPER NOTORIETY.

What the Press Says Concerning Men More or Less Famius. Gustav Freytag, the German novelist, pre-

been conferred upon him. The emperor of Austria is very fond of chamois shooting, and in that sport uses an old fashioned muzzle loading gun.

fers not to use the title of nobility which has

The czar has ordered that henceforth all the draumtle artists of the Russian imperial heatre are to wear a uniform in public.

Byron Salesberry, the Delaware peach grower, recently made a profit of two cents on a carload of peaches that sold for \$1,122.40. Zola's residence at Medan is magnificently furnished and the grounds, in season, blaze

with orchids, rhododendrons and geraniums. The mikado of Japan gets publicly and uproariously drunk in broad daylight and swaggers around his palace like a common, every day drunkard.

During the Prince of Wales' recent visit to Homburg be initiated some wheelbarrow races, with ladies in the barrows trundled along by the highest English nobility.

The richest and most influental Chinaman in Chicago is Hip Lung, the mayor of the Celestial colony there and the laundry king of the city. He is a little man physically. His fortune amounts to \$200,000,

An old gypsy named Rafael has asked the emperor of Austria to invest him with the dignity of king of the gypsies, because he can prove his direct descent from King Pharaoh. He promises to make the gypsies cease their vagrant habits and become orderly people, fit to enter the army.

A negro by the name of Ross, who was lately convicted of murder in the first degree and sentenced to be hanged at Brandenburg, was granted a new trial on the ground that he had not been convicted by a jury of his peers. There was no colored man on the jury that tried him.

It is related of Prince Bismarck that while inspecting the harvest work on his fields not long since two of the reaping women, following an old custom, seized him and bound him with bands made of straw. The chancellor submitted with good grace, and extricated himself by paying a liberal ransom. He rode away in his carriage with the straw bands still fastened round his arms.

Historian Bancroft visited Mrs. Polk at Nashville, Tenn., not long ago and borrowed the late president's state papers. He returned them to her a few days ago with a note in which he said: "I hope my life will be spared to complete my history to the close of your husband's administration. That will close my life work. I am engaged with a corps of typewriters and clerks, and I believe will be able to accomplish the task."

Dinizulu, the rebellions sen of Cetewaye, is an enormous black with a development of brain above other African chiefs. He is a total abstaiger from intoxicants, but makes up for this asceticism by maintaining a large number of wives. He is a warrior by hereditary taste, and his tremendous physical strength and wonderful swiftness as a runner give him great influence over his soldiers. It is said of him that, unlike his kind, he has a sense of humor and is a hearty laugher. But he somet mes thinks things funny that to a white man are quite otherwise.

the trade nearly every day," said one of the forth.-Pittsburg Bulletin. rounders the other day, but no one who doesn't know him would take him for an Indian fighter. He is of medium height, but is well built, broad shouldered and deep chested. He wears a full beard below a pair of well bronzed cheeks. His eyes are quie's and penetrating, and he has the nese of a hawk. It is the nose of a warrior-like Wellington's or Napier's. He wears a light sack coat of grayish silk, dark trousers and a straw hat. He is seldom without gloves. He comes on

At Kissingen the chancellor breaks through the general rule, and appears out of uniform, his favorite dress being a long black over-coat and a soft felt hat with a wide brim. Another characteristic feature of the Kissingen house is an outer court yard, which is filled with a noisy assorted family of ducks, fowls, turkeys, geese and other birds, not one of which does Bismarck allow to be removed. He is understood to spend hours in feeding and watching his curiously assorted family, in whose raids and quarrels and feuds he may possibly find an ornithological parallel for much that is passing among the members of the still more curiously assorted European "happy family," with its Bear and Lion and Eagle and Turkey and proudly crowing Cock!

Robert Louis Stevenson's voyage on the South seas goes to show some of the possibilities of American enterprise nowadays. The and declaring that the rest be divided among whole trip was got up by the scheming brain of a manager of newspaper syndicates. Mr. Stevenson hires the yacht, well equipped, thoroughly seaworthy, and supplied with all the modern luxuries, and sails away on a voyage of interest and novelty. Meanwhile all bills are paid by the man who manages the newspaper syndicate. When Mr. Steven-son returns he will pass over to him the manuscript embodying the novelist's reflections and discoveries on the voyage, and the sale of this manuscript in America, England and Australia will more than reimburse the syn-dicate manager. Times have changed since Milton sent "Paradise Lost" begging among

Different Styles in Stationery. Elegant people will not write with lines, even though their characters spread all over the page. So the best paper is either in the small squares or blank surface. "Shagreen" is a favorite brand. It is a thick bond paper in all tints, but most preferable in severe white. The large square envelope, for which the paper is folded once, is in demand. The extra long narrow styles are confined to notes and invitations.

Bright colors are never elegant. There are people who will write their sentiments on green paper and send them in a yellow envelope, in defiance of all good taste. These outre styles can only be tolerated in children

or schoolgirls. Scaling wax has had a renaissance, and is again returned to the past. It is too much trouble, and unless skilfully used disfigures a letter. It is never in bad taste to use it, however, especially with mourning corre-spondence.—Detroit Free Press.

The Eucalyptus for Boilers.

In their official report to Rear Admiral Gherhardi, commandant of the navy yard, a board of naval engineers stated they considered the use of the eucalyptus boiler scale preventive of great advantage in lessening the deposit of scale and in rendering what is deposited soft and easily removable, preventing as it does the scale from adhering to the surface of the boilers. The test had been employed in the steaming boilers of the Richmond for over a year, and the interior surfaces had been kept free from scale with-out the use of scaling tools, it being only necessary to wash the boilers out with a strong jet of water from the steam hose. In distilling boilers the deposit of scale was also lessened. The interior surfaces of the boil-ers, these officers reported, show no sign of pitting or corrosion.—Scientific American.

Beauty of the "Tennis Skin." A well known female physician said the other day: "Among the young women returned from their summer cuting is more than over noticeable what is now known as 'the tennis skin.' It is extremely beautiful and was almost unknown among women of a previous generation. It is as smooth and polished as satio, fine and close in texture as ivory, is a clear, delicate biscuit in color; transparent, and with the rich coloring showing through rather than lying on the surface. It gives the impression, also, of exquisite cleanliness. It is the result of sunlight and fresh air and the healthful process of cleansing every pore of the skin daily with perspiration. Nothing can clean the skin like the moisture that flows through it from warm, juick flowing blood. No water put on the outside has a like effect to the water that comes from the inside. This is the reason why it is called 'the tennis skin.' because the girls who play tennis wash out their skins with perspiration at least once a day.

"There is another sort, and a very beautiful one it is, known among the girls as 'a Turkish bath skin.' That comes from thorough swenting, too, but while it is very levely I like it less than the tennis skin, because the flesh and muscles are not made as firm beneath it as by that outdoor exercise, and therefore the contours underneath it are less round and smooth and it does not wear so well; wind and sun injure it, it is given to freekling and to chapping, and hot rooms make it dry and florid, while the tennis skin is warranted to stand anything and keep its beauty. The Turkish bath skin is velvety rather than satiny, and has rose leaf and sea shell sort of tints, all pink and white instead of brown and red. But is is very pretty."-New York World.

The "How D'ye Do?" Season

The "How d'ye do?" season has fully come, and the period in which greetings are oftenest heard is the present earliest days of autumn, when the summer, though dead, is not yet borne to her chilly tomb by Pater Time. These are the days of "How d'ye dof" between countless thousands; between briefly sundered friends, between widely separated comrades in the battles of the past, come to join in the veterans' reunion and the Grand Army's gatherings. These are days as full of social warmth and heartiness as they are of autumnal sunshine, and as rich in the awakening of friendships as in varied fruits and harvests.

The "How d'ye dof" is ubiquitous. It falls gratefully and musically upon the car from the througed trottoir, in the places of amuse ment in the shops, in the drawing rooms and the parlor, and at the threshold of the sanctuary. It is expressed in a variety of ways that has scarcely an end, ranging from the hearty and sincere to the formal and noncommittal. There are "Glad to see you's," spoken in a way that clearly means "Don't care a continental whother I ever see you or not," and there are "How d'ye do's?' that cannot possibly be interpreted as implying a question or expressing any curlosity. But these are stragglers in the great army of cordial greetings that fill the autumn air with countless evidences of the existence of the vast ocean of mutual friendships, regard and kindly feeling that envelops the human race, The autumnal "How d'ye do?" senson is at its beight, and in its fuliness of cordiality the "Good-by's!" of early summer are forgotten. "I see Gen. Crook on the floor of the board It is more blessed to come back than to go

A Hawaiian Princess' Funeral.

The report of the finance committee on the state funeral of her Royal Highness Princess Likelike has been printed. The orders seem in general to have been given by the king personally, accompanied in some cases by a more or less definite representation that the government would assume them, or that the privy council would pass a resolution to settle the bills. As on example of the recklessness and wanton profusion of the expenditure, the following facts will suffice: Eight bundred and thirteen suits of clothing for men and boys, 458 shirts, 740 hats, 716 pairs of shoes, 887 dresses, to say nothing of the other articles of attire, masculine and feminine, were given out, the aggregate cost being over \$22,000.

The committee flud that commissions were paid to certain parties for orders, and that, as Mr. Mantalini would say, orders were pressed on persons who had no possible use for anything of the sort. Another expedient which was practiced was to take out the amount of the order in other things-an order for a black mourning suit in baby clothes, for instance. The committee recommended the payment of claims to the amount of something over \$10,000, designating certain claims, which are clearly for legitimate and necessary expenses, to be paid in full, the different claimants as shall seem proper. As to the residue the claimants should proceed against his majesty's estate, which, according to the showing before the committee, seems clearly liable for the amount.-Honelulu Gazetto.

He Saved III. Neck.

We can vouch for a remarkable "find" in the case of a gallant Federal officer of Brookline, Mass., who, upon visiting one of the battleffelds around Richmond some fourteen years after the war, traced up the former location of his command and found the neck of a champagne bottle, with which was connected a little incident of those stirring times. The bottle, with its exhilarating contents, had been carefully watched over and saved for some time previous to the battle, for the purpose of "celebrating the event," when Richmond was captured. A sudden dash of Confederates, however, changed the pro-posed programme, and headquarters had to be hastily abandoned, but not before the neck had been knocked off the precions bottle and its contents put beyond the reach of the attacking Confederates. The officer mentioned above has since had the neck made into a handsome ornament for his office table, and naturally prizes it very highly on account of the peculiar associations connected with it.—Norfolk Landmark.

As Mild as a Lamb. On the rear platform of a late south end car one night not very long ago there was a quarrelsome tough, who was indisposed to pay his fare, but perfectly willing, as he made proclamation, to clean out the car for five cents. The conductor wore the G. A. R. button; he looked at the button and then glanced at four passengers who were simi-larly decorated. The four passengers wandered out on the platform "kind o' permiscus like," as Artemus Ward would say; the tough paid his fare with feverish haste, and immediately became as mild as a lamb,-

Boston Transcript.

To Save the Agent's Time. This is the age of brevity in business transactions. Placards, hum rous and semi-serious, distributed in mercantile houses, say so. The very latest indication of rush and a convenient means to save time are the signs in the stations along the New Haven road tacked up over some of the clocks. They say: "This is a clock. It is going. It is the cor-rect time. Now shut up." The placards save the station men a heap of time.—New York

STORIES ABOUT MEN.

How Raymond Rescued a Colored Boy

from a Watery Grave. A good story, illustrative of the presence of mind of the late John T. Raymond, is told by an old actor. Raymond's company was making a one night stop in a little Georgia town. The play was one in which the ocean played a prominent part. The only ocean owned by the managers of the theatre was very old and weak. It had seen much duty and was in a very crippled condition.

To illustrate the rolling of the waves, a number of street gamins were hired to go underneath a big blue cloth and bob up and

The play was in its most interes ing part. Raymond was getting off some of his best gags. He was the only actor on the stage, and the audience was uproarious, when an accident occurred that came near wrecking the play.

Among the "waves" was a little negro. The space was very narrow under the ocean, and the bobbers got quite warm. This particular little negro felt the heat. He removed one by one his habiliments, until his red shirt alone covered his nakedness,

In the midst of one of Raymond's best gags the old blue cloth ocean suddenly ripped and broke, and the aforementioned little negro was seen gallantly struggling with the waves "Man overboard!" cried out Raymond.

Some of the stage hands, dressed as sailors, rushed in and throw the little negro a rope. The "drowning wave" grabbed an end and the sailors dragged him out. When the audience saw the little pickaninny in nothing but his red flannel shirt, they simply roared. The little negro was the hero of the town ever afterward.-New York Evening Sun.

Stonewall Jackson's Joke.

Few men were ever more profoundly and invariably serious than Stonewall Jackson, Prior to the war he was professor of natural and experimental philosophy at the Virginia Military institute, and while in that position be made what is believed to have been his first and last jobe. One morning he called up a member of the

graduating class, and with the utmost gravity propounded the following scientific "Why is it impossible to send a telegraphic

dispatch from Lexington to Stauntonf" The cadet reflected for some moments, and then replied that the explanation of this phenomenon doubtless lay in the fact that the amount of iron ere in the mountain drew the magnetic current from the wires. A covert smile touched upon Jackson's

features, fled away, and he said: "No, sir; you can take your seat,"

Another was called up, but he too failed to explain the mystery. A third, and then a fourth were equally unsuccessful, Jackson listening to their theories with profound attention, but with the same sly smile which had greeted the first attempt. This smile probably attracted the attention

of the next cadet who was called. His countenance lighted up, his lip broke into a smile in return, and he said: "Well, Maj. Jackson, I reckon it must be

because there is no telegraph between the two places." 'You are right, sir," replied Jackson, who had suddenly resumed his composed expres-

sion. "You can take your seat." Then he called the class to order, and calmly proceeded with the recitation as if nothing had happened.—Youth's Companion.

Artistic Exaggeration.

Col. Wade, representative from a Missouri district, has made for himself quite a reputation for artistic exaggeration-and it takes an artist in this line to attract attention at the national capital. Col. Wade wears a military coat buttoned close to his chin, giving him much the appearance of a preacher. His delivery is very impressive and, with the unsuspicious, convincing. The colonel would not hesitate to claim that in a historic game of draw poker played for coffee beans out at his farm, he drew three cards to a pair of queens and filled out a royal sequence, and no one but an expert would doubt what the colonel said, and even the expert would not question his sincerity. Recently Col. Wade took a trip down the river and spent a few days in quiet Maryland. When he returned he found a constituent from a remote part of his district waiting to see him. The colonel was all affability. He took the Missourian to the house and in the course of a luli in the proceedings escorted him to the restaurant. A member who sat near Col. Wade's table heard him relating the circums ances of his trip. "Out in Missouri," he was saying, "you get no idea of what the world is. You see none of the wonders of nature. The east, sir, is something wonderful. You have heard of the big trees of California? They are nothingnothing at al' sir-to what I saw the day before yesterday. What would you think of an cak tree 295 paces in diameter? I paced it off myself. I would not trust any one else. And fishing in the bay! Why, I saw one man pull out 3,000 fish in a day. Fact, sir. They never eat fish there. They use them for fertilizers." And the open mouthed Missourian sat with his eyes bulging from his head, without a sign of doubt or suspicion on his face. - Chicago Herald.

The Ruling Passion.

The comedian Elliston used to tell a story that humorously illustrates the ruling passion

trong in death. Macready was at one time alarmingly ill -so ill that the most serious consequences were feared and the most desponding steps taken, such as the administration of the sacrament, etc. Elliston called to see him and was admitted to the chamber of the presumably dying tragedian, who feebly expressed a belief in his approaching dissolution. Elliston, deeply moved by his friend's prostration, offered to do any service in his power, strongly enjoined the family to keep the sufferer quiet and glided on tiptoe out of the room. He had not reached the bottom of the str case when an audible whisper reached him: "Mr. Elliston, step up for a moment, Mr. Macready wishes to speak to

He went up softly and approached the bed of the dying man, supposing that some posthumous attention was to be required of him. Elliston addressed him with soothing sympa.hy. Macready gave a slight indication of temporary relief, and in broken accents

"El-list-on, do you thi-nk that 'Rob Roy,' re-duced to two-acts, would be a good after-piece for-my-benefit "-Detroit Free Press.

Its Great Beauty.

The president of the British association cited this imaginary toast at the recent meet ing: "Here's to the latest scientific discovery.
May it never do any good to anybody." This is only a new version of an old story told about the late Professor Henry Smith, of Oxford. He was expatiating one day to his pupils on the beauties of a mathematical discovery; "but the great beauty of it is, gentlerien," he added with humorous enthusiasm, "that it cannot possibly be of any use to any-body."—New York Tribune.

The most ancient of banking transactions-When Pharoah got a check on the Red See bank, which was crossed by Moses.

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San Jose, California.

Chicago, July 7th, 1887.

THE G. M. JARVIS CO., Gentlemen:

I have made made a chemical examination of the sample of Jarvis' Pear Cides abmitted to me a few days ago, and would report these points among others noted. The liquid is non-alcoholic and has a specific gravity of 10.65. The total extrac-

tive matter amounts to 10.25 per cent., containing only .025 per cent of free acid. The tests show this acid to be malic acid as usually found in fruit juices. I find no other acid or foreign substance added for color or flavor.

I believe it, therefore, to consist simply of the juice of the Pear as represented. Yours truly,

J. H. LONG, Analytical Chemist, Chicago Medical College.

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